

California Garden

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Azaleas for California Springtime

By Alice M. Clark

If you are looking for garden color in our California Spring, which begins when the early rains bring a fresh green to the tired lawns and shrubs, try azaleas. They are like the sweet clear prelude to the rich strains of a summer symphony; a flower promise that gives the same breath-taking sense of beauty as the first sight of a peach orchard in full bloom. They come with a scattered flowering when the chrysanthemum and the begonias are drooping and swell to a full crescendo at Easter, losing their petals in time, to make a muted-green background for the summer favorites.

San Diego is not the best place to raise azaleas as they prefer more moisture and an acid soil. They are so wonderful in the deep south that it seems foolish to try them here but with patience and experience results can be obtained that, to me at least, are very worth-while. My initial azalea purchase, a small eight-inch plant of "Hexe," was a fortunate one as it still strikes me as the best investment for a beginner. It bears clusters of fairly large, bright-red, hose-in-hose blossoms (one inside the other), over a long blooming period, with fine dark foliage, healthier than some, and a compact habit of growth. Still in a pot, my plant is now two feet high and three feet over, after five years. It is one of the Sander hybrids made in Austria in 1885, combining the larger flowers of the Indica variety with the floriferousness of the small

Kurume type.

At a wayside stand, four years ago, three very young plants, covered with single blooms in pink, white and salmon, were added to my azalea family and they too are large specimens now. This Kurume variety is hardy both to cold and sun and lives to be very old. It blossoms when quite small and may double its size in a year. Introduced to the East from Kurume, Japan, by the plant explorer, Ernest Wilson, in 1914, it did not reach our coast until 1927 where it was developed in Pasadena. There are now 200 new types and a lyrical dictionary of names to choose from. "Fire-bird," a deep flame color, is rather unusual and "Seraphim" is a fine fluffy pink with a delicious scent. They all have small leaves and an open twiggy growth.

Originally, only the deciduous type of azalea was known so it was listed under that genus. There are sixteen species of this in North America besides the one on the West coast, one from the Caucasus and one from China. The evergreen species were introduced into Belgium, Holland and Britain in 1830 from southern Asia, at that time generally called India. Azaleas were then reclassified as belonging to the Rhododendron Genus, coming in with forty-three related groups. There are sixty-five known species of the Azalea Series. In Europe, the evergreen types were hybridized for green-house culture and known as the Indian or Indica variety.

They are larger and heavier in both leaf and flower than the Kurumes. They soon found their way into the Southern states where, for the first time, they were planted out in the gardens and now present the finest show of the kind in the world.

It wasn't until 1940 that it was discovered that these large hybrids would bloom outdoors in California also. They are grafted onto a stronger stock for faster growth so one must watch for suckers. There are dozens of fine plants of this Indica type suitable for gardens but be sure to keep them in the foreground for closer appreciation. One of the loveliest is free-blooming 'Paul Schame,' a coral color. The original "Verveaneana" is a real pink with a double center and there is a white and coral form. "Professor Wolters" is a large ruffled single with a white edge and deep pink center, resembling a Lady Washington pelargonium. "Albert and Elizabeth," named for Belgian royalty, has a distinctive white center with a light rose edge. "Pink Pearl" is a luscious shade and "Hollandia" is a rare orange-red double.

The Indica-Micrantha Hybrids were developed in Japan and introduced into California in 1933. The flowers are blotched and speckled and even notched like a morning glory. They have larger blooms than the Kurumes and are later. One I like very much is "Hourii," a vivid, rose-lilac color.

The Rutherfordiana hybrids were patented in 1935 by Bobbink of Bobbink and Atkins, Rutherford, New Jersey. After ten years of labor an evergreen type was perfected that blooms longer, is more compact, and well worth growing if you can find it.

If you are fortunate enough to be presented with an azalea, keep it in a cool room, never let it dry out or get

it soggy. As soon as the bloom is over, sink the pot in partial shade in the garden out of the wind, or plant in peat or acid soil with special care to have good drainage. It is a good plan to pick the flowers for corsages when in bloom, otherwise trim the new growth lightly after the bloom has faded. Feed about a teaspoon of acid plant food to a six inch pot every six weeks, stirring it in lightly at the outer edge. Stop feeding in September. Do not cultivate as the roots are near the surface. If cottonseed meal is used don't let it cake on top, so the water cannot penetrate. Canadian peat with sand is good for repotting as it holds the moisture. Mulch in summer and wash with hard spray from the hose to keep down thrips and maintain humidity. It is best to spray with rotonone or pyrethrum about as often as you would for roses. Copper sulphate will control fungus but nothing much helps with leaf-rollers and rose beetles must be hand picked.

All this sounds a bit difficult but it is really no harder than caring for roses correctly, once you get the knack of it. Azaleas are especially lovely around a pool, particularly an informal one. The foliage is so fine it gives a woody effect and the flowers double their beauty in reflection. They hold the picture you create with them as they do not grow out of bounds too quickly. They combine well with camellias in the background, standing more sun than the latter and enjoying the same soil. Sink a few pots in different places at first to see where best suited and buy small plants until you understand their care. Be faithful in spraying; feeding is secondary but moisture and drainage are imperative. At the end of a year I am sure you will wish to increase your stock, finding azaleas, as I do, one of the most satisfying year-around plants for the garden.

V.

V—of all the letters of the alphabet you are most unassuming, and yet brave,

V as in Violet, "faithful and true,"

V as in vase—and vale—and vim—

V for so much that is "lovely and of good repute,"

V I will vote for you.

*for you are the key to VALOR,
and VIRTUE, and VICTORY.*

ESTHER MATSON

Victory Gardening in Spring

By E. M. Albright

When Victor Gardner sees the fresh green grass covering the hills and fields, he senses the urge to be putting seed in the rain soaked earth and help Mother Nature bring forth much needed food, which today is commodity number one on the program for victory.

In determining what items would be best suited for spring planting Vic opens his favorite garden seed catalogue. He finds on the seasonal calendar many varieties of seeds to plant, more in fact than he had any idea existed. The list being too long to be noted here, we will join him when he comes back from his seed buying tour.

We now see him in the weedy plot with his shovel stomped in the fresh teasing earth, his sleeves rolled up, and thumping his manly chest. After taking a deep breath of fresh air he begins. His wife, Victoria, looks on with a critical eye, ready to fire suggestions when needed.

Finding the digging harder than he had anticipated, Victor decided that in the future, he would not let the soil become so hard. So he took all the freshly mowed grass cuttings from the lawn, and all of an old refuse pile from the rear of the back yard, and thickly covered them over the plot.

He then continued turning them under as he dug into the soil. When this was completed, and the surface smoothed into a good soft seed bed, Vic made his seed furrows well over two feet apart, to allow for plenty of room for cultivation. He then proceeded to sow his carrots, beets, radishes and turnips. He also buried his asparagus roots, rhubarb, strawberry plants and boysen berries, placing the asparagus twelve inches apart, rhubarb two feet, and thorn berries six feet between plants and six feet between rows. Victoria insisted that he continue on with a short row each of lettuce, celery, mustard and a few cabbage plants.

The rose garden seemed to be the next place needing attention. Taking his pruning shears, he thinned out all bushes till only three main canes remained on each plant. These remain-

ing canes he cut off to within twenty-four inches of the ground. Clearing away the loose brush, Vic made furrows on each side of the rows of bushes, and then filled each furrow with steer fertilizer. This will in time leach down to the roots as plant food.

While using the clippers, he remembered the peach, apricot, apple and plum-trees needed pruning. Looking through each tree, he selected the branches which seemed to be crowding the others, as well as destroying the general shape of the tree, and cut these out, thus allowing more sunlight to reach the fruit twigs. Having done this, he fertilized the trees the same way as he had the rose bushes.

The raspberries along the back fence were snipped off clear back to the point where they turned down to the ground. Heaps of steer fertilizer were put around the base of each vine, thus assuring them of plenty of plant food to supply the heavy crop of berries to come in the summer.

At this point Victor suddenly began to take stock of his own condition. His back was aching and his knee joints were creaking like the loose wooden spokes in a wagon wheel, while his feet had lost all feeling long before. Out from the kitchen door came the tantalizing odors of pork chops and coffee, which proved too much for Vic to resist, so he decided to call it a day. Just then he heard Victoria's sweet voice calling him to dinner, so he hurried up the pathway loaded with garden tools to be stored in the tool house, thus ending a most fruitful effort toward the assurance of a certain Victory.—E. M. ALBRIGHT.

"Appreciation of beauty is one possession of which we can never be deprived, and which, as long as we keep our faculties we can always enjoy. We can lose almost everything else in life, worldly wealth take wings, the castles we build come crashing down, those we love leave us the high hopes we set our hearts upon turn to ashes, but beauty is always present and eternal."

—H. E.

Gertrude Dale Evans

An Appreciation of Her Garden

B. A. K.

In noting the death of a citizen of San Diego, we sometimes recognize vast changes that have come to us here, with the passing of a very few years. Leisure and the slow direction of its plans that are worth carrying through are now almost non-existent. An era is closed; and the realization of this is again brought about by an artist's passing to her well earned rest.

In thinking of Gertrude Dale Evans one finds oneself remembering the beauty of gardens and of Christmas Carols. In the minds of her many friends these things were the chief expressions of her rare spirit, and through these points of contact she for years made for our community a highly important contribution. In spite of the fact that she came here an invalid, she will always recall for us a happy, eager sharing of the things that she loved.

For years there met in her exquisite garden, or in her library overlooking her canyon, a group of friends who came together to listen to chosen bits of French literature, which meant so much of her; for her happiest years had been spent in France and Italy in her youth. Her garden, though essentially an individual creation, was a Californian Canyon development. But it had some of the characteristics of the old-world places—brick walls of planned beauty, and gates to break these at just the right intervals. There was the unforgettable arbor covered with wisteria in early Spring, with pink, white and lavender blossoms, hanging deep to mix their fragrance with that of the violets and heliotrope below, that grew on the next terrace.

Years of study and of knowledge had placed each kind of growing thing where it would enjoy its best chance for beauty. She had the art of making them so much at home that they were almost like wild flowers there; and so her incessant work was completely hidden. In return this garden of her's kept her alive. It was a wise physician indeed who foresaw this, and who first advised her working at this hobby.

Her garden took many prizes. It was often written of as one of the best-designed of the many small



walled spaces developed in the West. In it was something that we can now remember as herself. And this is a Like all great works of art it came to be a living expression of her spirit. very helpful and inspiring memory.

CALIFORNIA GARDEN for SPRING, 1944

Our Canyon

By A. G. L.

Like the inhabitants of steep Italian slopes, who, according to Mark Twain, had one long leg and one short one, canyon gardeners in time develop an uncanny art of hanging on by their nails.

One has to live on a canyon to discover its advantages, and the disadvantages, as well; at this time of the year, when the canyon I know best is covered with a beautiful frosting of white *Ceanothus (Verrucosus)*, nothing could be lovelier. The dust has been washed from the chaparral, and every leaf is clean and glistening. The canyon wren reiterates its musical down-the-scale song; blue-jays flash about, teasing the mocking-birds; a hermit thrush flits quietly through the bushes, towhees scratch busily in the dry leaves, with their unmistakable rhythm, and a sooty-faced phoebe stops his swift, darting forays, with a final snap of his bill, to come inquisitively closer.

As far as the eye can see, the hills stretch to the east, green and rolling, with a misty haze to show where the canyons divide them. On the horizon, San Miguel raises its conical mass, while to the north-east, the long shoulder of Cuyamaca, with its rounded middle hump, forms a background for the peaks of the foothills.

But I hear you say, "Canyons, after all, are only dry arroyos, carved out by years of winter streams—what have they to do with mountain peaks on the sky-line?"

Dwellers on steep hillsides and canyon rims know the answer; when one lives at the head of a deep, winding canyon, there is nothing to obstruct one's view of the far-away horizon. There is a feeling of space and freedom that one never can capture, when living on a flat street, with houses set cheek by jowl, and just a small piece of sky for one's own (and that piece littered up with poles, wires and cables).

Next to living in the wide open spaces, one who, loving the country, has to live in the city, should choose a canyon side. Not a typical San Diego canyon, however; those are apt to be bare of native shrubs, and to be littered with tree and shrubby prunings, heaps of cobblestones, and (we

blush for our citizens) too often the rubbish and tin cans of the neighborhood, dumped along their sides. Except in rare cases, they present a generally untidy, unattractive appearance; the city's street department will cheerfully post "No dumping" signs, when asked, but it takes never-relaxed vigilance on the part of those nearby to forestall the carelessness of the unheeding ones.

No, the ideal canyon view must be enjoyed from the edge of a huge, undeveloped tract, of canyons and hillsides covered thickly with chamise, with no roads, no fences, and merely faint tracings of paths. On second thought, our canyon MAY be an exceptional one. While it is primitive now, it may get in the path of civilization, and we, too will have our tin cans again.

I say again, advisedly. We bought our canyon lot one dewy May morning when the fragrance of the sage and artemisia rose like incense to our nostrils; we succumbed to the honeyed words of a real estate agent who may really have hated to part with it, as much as he said he did. At any rate, we did not see it again for some years, having moved from this part of town, and being occupied with paying the monthly installments agreed upon, the assessments: for grading the street, for the curbing, the sidewalks and sewer; and the taxes.

In the meantime, the neighborhood hailed it with joy as an ideal dumping ground—close to the sidewalk, it was a simple matter to empty carts and barrows, to back trucks, even, to the edge for unloading. Old auto bodies, discarded water heaters, literally tons of prunings, scrap iron, rolls of rusty wire, broken glass and crockery; we were sick at heart when we began inventorying our gifts.

We took the cleaning-up on as a family project, with two days of paid help in addition to the week we spent on it; also paid two colored men ten dollars to haul away (to a CITY dumping ground) the huge truck-load of old autos that we had pulled up out of the bottom of the canyon with ropes. The smaller litter we raked and gathered up into boxes that were ranged along the curb, almost thirty,

I remember; and the city rubbish department obligingly disposed of those. It was a week of blood, sweat, and tears, and the phrase not merely a figure of speech. Not being adept in the art of handling a crow-bar, I managed to give the end of my big toe a tremendous bang with it, during one of my heavy research investigations, and limped painfully for a month afterward.

But with the winter rains, there was a carpet of green over the hillside, the California lilac, as now, burst into bloom, and the whole unpleasant introduction to our new home was forgotten. As a family, however, we retain a deep aversion for those benighted souls who, being too lazy to put their rubbish out in a box for the collector on his weekly rounds, will casually throw it into the nearest canyon; or, what seems even worse, because there are more people to see it, beside the road.

We have planted fifteen or more eucalyptus trees up and down our canyon, among them three of that loveliest species, *E. citriodora*; they have all grown surprisingly. We experimented with small sycamores, down in the bottom, where a stream flows during rains, but none survived the summer. The Catalina cherries, that were planted (seeds) laboriously by the hundred, paid very slight dividends, with only a half dozen spindling sprouts appearing. On digging around the splinter-marked spots some months later, the reason was plain to see; ground squirrels had executed flanking movements and rear attacks on all the rest, and only the tunnels remained.

At the beginning of the rainy season last fall, we broadcast a half pound of California poppy seed over the barer spots. The quail were not much in evidence in their usual congregating places below our windows at that time, and it may be that the nurseryman knew whereof he spoke when he assured me that birds found poppy seeds too bitter to gobble up as they do some wildflower seeds. At any rate, the little silvery gray plants have come up thickly, and we are hopefully looking forward to a canyon side nodding with poppies, later in the spring.

Ever since we have owned a piece of the canyon, now almost twenty years, we have admired the lovely specimens of "toyon," popularly "Cal-

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Horticulture in San Diego

By T. S. A. Cockerell

At one time Professor Patrick Geddes, the well known biologist and sociologist of Scotland, visited New York. He heard that Alexander Graham Bell was in the city and much wanted to meet him. So he asked the boy in the hall of his hotel, "Is Alexander Graham Bell staying here?" The boy replied, "Dunno, never heard of him." Geddes was astonished. "Never heard of him! He invented the telephone, look at your telephone!" The boy replied, "Gwan, we've always had telephones!"

This story illustrates the common mentality of the younger generation, which has as a rule little appreciation or understanding of the lives and labor which have made the benefits we now enjoy possible. In all our schools, we see portraits of Washington and Lincoln, but little is said about the many Americans who have developed our western country within the memory of persons still living. I have been glad to see the portraits of distinguished Americans on a recent issue of postage stamps, and hope that this idea will be further developed.

Any visitor, coming to California, is astonished at the wealth of trees, shrubs and flowers in our gardens. He will also marvel at the number and variety of wild plants, so different from those of the middle and eastern states. But in the tours, as for instance in Golden Gate Park, or Santa Barbara, or San Diego, he sees assembled species from almost every part of the world except the frozen poles. One may stand in the street, and looking around, see eucalyptus from Australia, palms from South America, various plants from South Africa and the Orient. The beautiful date palms on our streets are not the commercial date but belong to a species native in the Canary Islands. In December, 1815, an expedition fitted out by Count Romanzoff found on an island off the coast of Brazil a beautiful palm, which now has the name *Arecastrum romanzoffiana*. In 1860 the same palm was described by the English botanist Hooker as *Cocos plumosa*, and by this name it is generally known in gardens. It is planted in great numbers along the streets of

San Diego. The typical form of Cocos is the coconut palm, to which it is evidently not allied. Charles H. Shiun, in the Standard Cyclopedic of Horticulture asserts that "The range of products grown in California is greater than that of the remainder of the United States."

Every kind of garden plant has some story connected with it and very many come to us as the result of patient labors and skilled research in different parts of the world. It would take a large book to describe even in outline what we owe to the gardeners of other lands. But when we remember that not so very long ago San Diego was horticulturally undeveloped and then go down our streets, or especially ride through Balboa Park, and try to visualize the labor and skill represented by the plantings of beautiful trees and shrubs, we cannot fail to be amazed, and to think with gratitude and respect of those who did all this work.

In the San Diego Sun of April 27, 1924, Mrs. Horton relates how A. E. Horton came to San Diego from San Francisco. His name was prophetic, meaning Garden City (Latin, *hortus*, a garden). He came as the result of hearing a statement in a lecture, "San Diego is going to be as great a city as San Francisco. With its bay and its climate it has marvelous possibilities." Horton went home with his mind made up; he at once sold his furniture, store and all his other property, and in two weeks arrived in San Diego. The next year, 1868, Horton asked the board of trustees to set aside a large tract of land for a public park. There was much hilarity over this, as San Diego was at the time only a small village. But Horton and E. W. Morse selected the present site of Balboa Park. Mr. Geo. W. Marston, still happily with us, and by all odds the leading citizen of San Diego, first suggested the employment of experts for the systematic planning and development of the park, paid a large part of their salaries and of the cost of this work and contributed generously of his own time and money to the subsequent development and improvement of the park. About 1889 the Ladies'

Annex of the Chamber of Commerce raised \$500 by popular subscription and planted a strip of ten acres along the west side of the park with trees. In 1892 a tract of 35 acres in the northwest corner was leased to Miss Kate Sessions for use as a nursery on condition of the permanent planting of 100 trees and the donation of 300 more to the city, annually. When Miss Sessions removed her nursery there was left the beginning of the first adequate planting in the park.

But now we must say something about Miss Sessions. Mrs. Rosa Smith Eigenmann, a distinguished student of fishes, still living in San Diego, told me how Kate Sessions happened to come to this town. Rosa Smith and Kate Sessions were in a Business College in San Francisco, the only two girls enrolled. Rosa Smith's father was on the school board at San Diego and wrote asking if a teacher could be found. Kate Sessions was recommended, though somewhat doubtful of her ability to fill the post. She came and was brilliantly successful and greatly beloved by the pupils, as attested by some of these whom I found in San Diego. But already she was greatly interested in horticulture an interest which grew largely from a visit to the Hawaiian Islands. Leaving the school, she devoted the rest of a long life (dying in 1940 at the age of 83) to the development and improvement of the gardens of San Diego. Mr. J. Wangenheim wrote of her: "No one can write of old San Diego gardens without making Miss Sessions their central figure. She was at once guide, instructor and inspirer. By deep study and eager research she ransacked every clime for new plants and then tested them for the adaptability in this environment." Miss Alice Eastwood, the distinguished botanist of the California Academy of Sciences, writes, "She was certainly superlative in her job, and her influence in San Diego was very great."

In California Garden, May 1911, it is stated that there were millions of plants to adorn Balboa Park in preparation for the Panama-California Exposition of 1915. "Already about 50,000 trees and shrubs have been planted; 30,000 of these raised in San Diego or some other part of Southern California." This brief account, from which many important details are

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Mr. Marston Speaks on "Trees"

By M. L. C.

Twelve years ago, Mr. George Marston spoke at a meeting of the San Diego Floral Association, choosing as his subject "Trees." Our President, remembering the beautiful thoughts left with his audience at that time, again requested him to appear on our program, using the same subject. Several months having intervened, and the writer's manuscript lost somewhere between the printer's and the Volume of California Garden, which due to the exigencies of war failed of issue, the following excerpts are given with apologies to Mr. Marston.

"Trees are about the most important basic things in the world, producing fuel, lumber, food, cork, etc., stimulating rainfall, modifying climate, fertilizing soil, purifying the air, sheltering birds and wild life, and beautifying the landscape. Denuded forests are responsible for floods and dust bowls. Decayed leaves improve the soil. Trees breathe the poisonous carbonic acid gas and fill the air with oxygen."

"Trees and Birds are interdependent. Trees feed and shelter birds and birds eat injurious insects, saving the Government an amount exceeding its total expenditures ('I think before the war,' he jokingly remarked.) At least they save one hundred million dollars annually. All trees would be dead in two years without birds! Trees are indispensable to man's progress and comfort. They should be cared for."

Regarding trees for city streets and home grounds, the speaker said that hard-pan just two feet underground, small lots, and limited parking areas along the streets made tree planting difficult, but recommended the following under existing San Diego conditions. The Pepper Tree, he thought, was one of the best, making a place homelike and its shining leaves never showing dust. The Palm Tree used to be one of his favorites, but he had decided it was "too much like a feather duster, too straight, with the possible exception of *Reclinata*." And this, he told us, had been the subject of their only domestic difference, Mrs. Marston favoring straight trees, and

he, the crooked ones. Others suggested for home grounds were the Black Acacia, Olive, the picturesque *Eucalyptus Rostrata*, and *Eucalyptus Lehmanni*, which "grows like an old apple tree; very good for clothing dry hill-sides, especially adapted to local conditions." Our California Oak, *Quercus Agrifolia*, was mentioned as a more rapid grower than most people realize.

Continuing, the speaker said: "We should be more observant of trees, noting the majesty of the Sequoias, the vigor and strength of the Oaks, the aspiring attitude of the Pines and Firs, and the grace and beauty of the Elms."

The nursery Miss Sessions once had in Balboa Park, under agreement to furnish a certain amount of nursery stock each year for permanent planting, and now grown-up and abandoned, was mentioned as: "A hodge-podge of Palms, Conifers, and Acacias, too thick for harmony, and cutting off vistas of the canyons and hills. Thousands of these should be cut out, and a section of the park planted exclusively to *Eucalyptus*, using as many species as obtainable."

Presidio Park, Mr. Marston's gift to the City of San Diego, was mentioned casually, as a "Memorial Park, the planting of which had of necessity to be dignified;" being the site of the First Palm Tree planted in California by a white man, and still growing there.

Mr. Marston closed by speaking reverently of the moonlight filtering through the Canary Island Pines of his own home grounds, and quoted from the second chapter of Genesis: "And the Lord God planted a garden, . . . And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow, every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."

OUR CANYON
By the Editor

(Continued from page 4)

ifornia holly," in some of the gardens nearby. We find they are old plants remaining from the time this section was still chaparral covered, but strangely enough, there are none to

be found along the canyon sides. And this in spite of the fact that we have religiously brought our dried "Christmas berries" and scattered them over the hillside, for the past five or six years. Some bird or beast must be fond of them in their desiccated state, for not one has ever come up, except for one rugged individualist in a bed of annuals at the front of the house.

Sowing the seeds of *artemisia* has been a failure, too; we have been more successful in transplanting little plants brought from our Sunday afternoon expeditions down the canyon trails. I couldn't do without it somewhere near by; and set it right out in a new garden, along with the parsley and chives at the back door.

There is a legend that any Californian will rise from his grave, wherever he lies, and come back home, if a sprig of *artemisia* be waved over it. It is the essence of the fresh, exhilarating odor of the canyon when the morning dew is on it, and of the hillside trails where even the dust is pungent; and to us, and doubtless uncounted thousands of canyon dwellers, it spells California.

SPECIAL NOTICE

RAINFORD FLOWER SHOP

2140 Fourth Avenue

WILL BE CLOSED
ENTIRE MONTH
OF APRIL

for a much needed
vacation.

Rose Diseases Affecting Foliage

By S. B. Osborn

POWDERY MILDEW (*Sphaerotheca pannosa*)

Description: White powdery coating develops on leaves, young shoots and bower buds.

Control: Dust every five to seven days, during active growing season, with sulphur of the type prepared for dusting purposes; or spray with colloidal copper preparation sold under various commercial trade names.

ORANGE RUST (*Phragmidium* spp.)

Description: Orange brown spore masses appear on the under sides of the leaves and tiny pin point yellow spots on the upper surface of the leaves. Late in the season, spore masses turn black; leaves turn yellow and fall prematurely during the growing season.

Control: Remove most susceptible varieties. Spray with one part of liquid lime sulphur to ten parts of

water after pruning plants in January. Follow with regular dust or spray programs as for powdery mildew above.

BLACK SPOT (*Diplocarpon rosae* Wolf)

Description: Black spots or blotches appear on leaves. These spots commonly have a yellow zone or halo about them, depending on the variety. The entire leaf may then turn yellow and fall. Both Black Spot and Orange Rust infections seriously weaken the plant in addition to disfiguring the plant.

Control: Same as for Orange Rust. However, since Black Spot spores require several hours of free moisture—that is, wet foliage—in order to germinate, spraying or dusting immediately prior to the occurrence of wetting of leaves, either from natural causes or overhead irrigation, is important. Black Spot is of most common occurrence on plants subject to poor air drainage which results in the foliage remaining wet for long periods following rains, fog or sprinkling.

drainage is invariably associated with this trouble. More often than not this is not true with lime induced chlorosis. Also the chlorotic areas are more coppery in color, pitburn is very prominent and die-back of the canes in severe cases is very general and serious. In fact, the plants seem to die back faster than they grow. It invariably shows throughout a wide area in the garden; often the entire garden is affected. The condition may appear to come on rather suddenly, but actually in the absence of adequate sub-drainage alkali salts above the tolerance of the plants have been gradually accumulating in the soil comprising the root zone. Laying cement drain tile 20 to 30 inches below the ground level is the most practical method of correction. In severe cases, the upper 18 inches at least of the soil of the rose bed should be spaded up and quantities of organic material incorporated in it before replanting. A liberal sprinkling of gypsum worked in the soil will improve the physical condition and, in the event black alkali (sodium carbonate) is present, will convert this water insoluble black alkali into white alkali which, being water soluble, may be then leached from the soil.

DISEASES OF LESSER IMPORTANCE AFFECTING FOLIAGE

ANTHRACNOSE (*Sphaceloma rosarium* (Pass) Jenkins)

Description: Superficially resembles Black Spot. Though widely distributed, anthracnose on roses is not well known.

Control: Not thoroughly worked out. Control as for Black Spot and Orange Rust probably effective.

LEAF SPOTS (*Cercospora* spp.)

Description: Of limited occurrence, being largely confined to species roses. Spots sharply defined, more or less circular with gray centers and darker borders.

Control: Same as for Orange Rust.

CHLOROSIS Die-back and Tip-burn (alkali induced)

There is a distinct difference in appearance and cause of this trouble and lime induced chlorosis. Poor sub-

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CALIFORNIA GARDEN for SPRING, 1944



Springtime Adventure

By the Editor

Springtime is an adventure! The phenomena of nature cries aloud for attention and observation. The problems and worries of everyday living miraculously disappear for those who learn to heed this cry, for by responding to this natural urge a truer perspective of life and living is achieved. The war places greater responsibilities and anxieties on all of us to a greater or lesser degree. Normally at this season of the year our minds turn to far horizons—the desert for its spring floral display—the mountains for the budding verdure of the trees and heavenly display of blooming orchards—or the near back country for its rolling expanses of fresh green grain and pasture! The Wartime gasoline shortage precludes these plans, but adventure is still possible in San Diego and similar places in California's Southland. Adventure like gold is where you find it and the canyons and undeveloped lands in and around San

Diego abound with opportunities. For the writer, it was an adventure to find a grass previously unknown to him growing along sixth street extension north of Mission Valley. It was identified as *Tricholaena rosea* by the botanist at the San Diego Natural History museum. A vision of pink loveliness, this grass was introduced from its natural home in South Africa and now ornaments waysides in this vicinity. It is worthy of a place in the garden or for indoor decorative effects.

On another occasion an acacia new to the writer was observed growing as an escape, north of Federal Boulevard (Broadway extension) about one half mile east of Euclid Avenue. It is *Acacia Farnesiana*, reputedly the first acacia to be introduced into California from Australia. It is sometimes called the "sweet acacia." It is quite thorny with attractive fragrant yellow flowers. How it was established in this region is a mystery, but it is known to be widely distributed all over the semi-

tropical and tropical world. It also is reported growing wild near Otay in San Diego County.

Another adventure was the writer's discovery of *Adolphia Californica* growing north of the Mt. Hope cemetery, between Market Street and the San Diego and Arizona railroad tracks. The plant in summer appears as simply a low spiny leafless shrub. In spring it is smothered with tiny fragrant flowers resembling smilax in bloom. Tiny leaves appear with the flowers. It is an adventure to find native maidenhair fern along the north slopes of the hills facing Mission Valley in the City of San Diego.

S. B. OSBORN

HORTICULTURE IN SAN DIEGO (Continued from page 5)

omitted, may seem to give some idea of why and how it has come about that we have such a beautiful city. Much has been due to the thousands of owners of gardens, but it is evident that a few great planners and leaders were the dominating factor. To those we owe our respect and gratitude, and it is for us to see that they are not forgotten.

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